## A ONCE ROYAL CITY.

One Noted Spot Where English Kings Once Held Their Court.

SOME VERY INTERESTING RUINS.

The Cathedral in Which Philip of Spain and Queen Mary Wed.

CONTRASTING THE PAST AND PRESENT

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH,]



conqueror's steps, in a direct line from Reading and

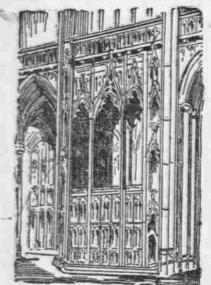
Basingstoke, on-Tomb of Rufus. ward to the stronghold of Sarum and Bath, in a hollow along the pleasant streams of the Itchen, lies the once royal city of Win-chester. It has dwindled down now to a third rate country town of 18,000 people, and as we walk from the railway station, half a mile off, by a straggling row of small villas and a score of small, dingy shops, down hill all the way, one can hardly believe we are actually entering the city where William the Norman once ruled with royal splendor, where the Angevian line of kings lived and died; Richard, the Lionhearted, after his escape from prison, was received with shouts of welcome, and where William of Wykeham completed one of the noblest cathedrals in England and built and endowed the old college and school of St. Mary, A. D. 1382, which ranks The town is built on the side of a hill and

siopes down into the valley, and through the center of it, as a backbone, runs the main, or High street, from which most of the others branch away into many dismal windings. It is a place of many small and dingy churches—some of great antiquity— of many hospitals and refuges for the aged, sick and poor. It possesses a free public library and reading room, a Town Hall (brand new), the ruins of a goodly castle built by the Norman Conqueror, whereof the great hall still stands, and where may still be seen King Arthur's round table, which was regarded as a curiosity in the days of Henry VI. Its charter, as a corporate body, Henry VI. Its charter, as a corporate out, dates back for 700 years, to the far-off days of Henry II., who here feasted his friendly ally Malcolm, King of Scotland, as well as the Duke of Saxony, whose wife, Maud, gave birth to a son from whom sprang the present royal family of England. IN ANCIENT TIMES.

fair which brought merchants, traders and hold built by King Stephen and still standing. But, in spite of all this, and a score of other such attractions, in these days of life and progress the old city seems but half awake. An air of fusty, musty, dusty, second-hand furniture and inferior goods, reigns supreme over the streets, the shops and the faces of the natives. visitors from every part of Europe. The and poultry and

and the faces of the natives.

Go into Punter's musical depot and you will feel stagnation creep over you in a trice. Punter receives you gravely, with a slow bow, as if to say, "Don't be in a hurry." "I called," you say, "to ask if the music ordered last week has arrived?" music ordered last week has arrived?"
"Music, sir, was it vocal or instrumental?-



Wykeham's Chantry

I don't quite recall it-a week ago, sir? Yes, a full week; it was a song of Blumenthal's-words by Shelly." A silence of three minutes ensues, during which Punter slowly examines the pages of an ancient day book, and then solemnly delivers him-self of an idea: "Our London parcel didn't come down last week, sir, and so you see, sir, the song has not yet reached us. No doubt we shall have it in our next parcel in the course of a few days—say Saturday, without fail." As to-day is Tuesday and I can get it on Thursday by post by writing ndon to-night, I thank Punter and de eline his offer.

Fifty yards higher up the hill is Dump, the hair dresser's, who occasionally trims my flowing locks. Dump's emporium has the college arms over the doorway, on an antique signboard, and embraces cricket bats, balls, bookey and galf sticks, cutlery, soap of at least four kinds, three sponges, two umbrellas and Mechi's rezor strop. The shop is about 12 yards by 10, with a short strip of counter on one side, opposite to which, in the corner, a small square of space is boxed off, with one door opening nd the counter and another into the de main of customers. This inner chamber is the sanctum sanctorum, where all the mys-teries of brush, comb, scissors and razors are conducted precisely as Dump achieved them 50 years ago.

BUSINESS ACTIVITY. As I enter, the artist himself hastily emerges from that sacred nook, bald, rosy-cheeked, oily and loquacious. "He is en-gaged at this moment," he says, "but will be at liberty in about 20 to 25 minutes, if I will take a seat or call again. It's a 'Cathedle' gent as he is engaged on." Punter and Dump may be taken as types of nineenths of the Winchester shopkeepers; obsequiously polite, profuse in promises and not to be relied on. Punter wasted a fort-night in not getting the song, and Dump, when I called again, was busy on another 'cathedle' perieranium. Most of the goods sold in this habitat of Kings, Archbishops, Cardinals, warriors, nobles and statesmen

Weary of Punter & Co., I turn down the hill again, and passing by the beautiful market cross there set up in the days of the second Henry, stroll down through the close to the gates of the great Cathedral of St. Mary. It is in the form of a mighty cross, with a massive square tower rising above the vast mass of building at the point where the nave intersects the transepts, and covers an acre and a half of ground. I enter the grand and silent nave, and look down through the lotty arched pillars to the far-off altar at the east end. They tower to the height of 80 feet above you, and fade away into the gray and delicate tracery of the stone roof. From where you stand to the buge white cross above the altar is a wedding to go on their way. While waiting flight of 250 feet, the nave being the ing for her carriage my lady has no longer

the bishop, marched in proud array to the western door to meet Philip of Spain, who had come postbaste from Southampton to meet Mary, the Queen, whom he here mar-ried the next day, in all royal splendor. In the Lady Chapel may still be seen the chair—once blessed by the Pope—in which she sat on that first day of her miserable mar-

A BOYAL WEDDING.

A BOYAL WEDDING.

Here, also, in 1403, was another royal and splendid wedding, that of Henry the IV to Joan of Navarre, the officiating priest being that proud Cardinal Beaufort (the king's half brother), whose magnificent tomb and chantry yet remain to tell of his greatness. All round us, as we pace the transpot, are the silent monuments of past glory. Here lie the ashes of Kings, warriors, saints, nobles, poets and prelates, of St. Swithin (A. D. 800), of watery and Episcopal fame; of Rufus, the Red King, whose body, still pierced by the fatal arrow of Walter Tyrrel, was brought back to the Abbey whence he had gone out to hunt; Egbert the Saxon, Canute and his Queen Emma, with a host of others, until we come Emms, with a host of others, until we come down to the days of Sam Wilberforce, that dexterous and oily Bishop of Winchester, whose fame is known in many lands.

But, besides all these great and mighty ones, whose fame is silently fading as the centuries go by, there is a host of others prince of all anglers, honest, quaint, de-lightful Isanc Walton. It was in Win-chester that heroic Raleigh was, at the instigation of a tyrant, brought to trial for treason, and nobly withstood the fury of the foul-mouthed judge, Coke. Not tar from here was it that Henry VII., that muchmarried man—"the model prince," says Froude; "that blot," says Dickens, "of blood and grease"—waited for tidings of ill-fated Anne Boleyn's death, that he might marry Jane Seymour. Here in the market place one Alice Lisle was beheaded in 1685 for harboring "Hicks, the Dissent-ing Preacher," by order of the infamous Judge Jeffreys, after being twice acquitted. Here it was that, after Naseby fight, one Oliver Cromwell stormed and destroyed the castle and laid waste and ravaged 'all the fair beauty," he said, "of painted windows and shrines;" and here lived Ken, the Bish-op who got his bishopric by refusing a lodging to poor Nell Gwynne and his greater fame by writing the Evening Hymn, sung by all Christians in every clime and lan

BURNED AT THE STAKE. Here, in the market place, close at hand, was one infamous Mary Bagiey tied to a stake and burnt to askes for the murder of her husband in 1789, being the latest burning of that kind done in England. And, hither, to this same old sleepy city, a hundred years earlier, came Taylor, the famous "Water Poet," who wrote thus of it: I saw an ancient city, like a body without a soul; there being as many parishes as peo-ple, and all dead."

Before leaving it, let us stroll for a mo-ment into the public market house, on this the market day of the week. A square, dingy-looking building, with a slated roof; On St. Giles' hill, outside the city, for many a long century was held the famous trance, and lower down by the wall two old women selling eggs

drawers, a tali cage Queen Mary's Chair. of twisted wire, in which sat a woe-begone desolate, old gray parrot, stripped of al-most every feather that should have covered his naked wings, breast and tail. looked at him with pitiful eyes, who should come up to me but a brisk, little, wiry man, who had left his autograph just above my own in the Cathedral Visitors' Book, as Elijah Chaff, Boston, U. S." (as much, I fancy, from Boston as the present writer). A YANKEE ABROAD.

"Sir," said Elijah, "a downright caution is that melancholy fowl!—you bet."
"I don't bet," said I, "but a more miserable fowl I never set eyes on."
"He's like nothin on airth

that immortal parrit of Artemus Ward's Never heard of him? Wal! Artie, ye see, kep a monkey, and a uncommon clever of a talking parrit, and for a month or so they was good friends and thick as thieves. So, one day, he opens the cage door, lets out poll and leaves the two together. Comes home an hour later, finds Jacko a sittin' up on a cheer grinning and a chatterin' with a ounch of long grey feathers astuck behind his ears and poll in his care again with the door drawed hard and fast, as silent and grim as death, but as naked and bare as a

rog's back.
""Why, Poll, says Artie, 'what's come to you? What internal game is it?' But not the ghost of a word could be get out of him; him that talked by the yard, you bet! Then straight for Jacko went Artie; but he had skedaddled and left no tracks. 'Poll! poor Poll!' again says his master, 'was it that infernal Jacko?

"Then, at last, was that bird's tongue unloosed. 'We've had,' slowly and satily ejaculated Poll, 'we've had a —— of a time "And if," went on Elijah, "there's monkey enough left in this old, dead-alive, defunct town to do it, thar, in that corner, is the parrit that's past prayin' for."

ORIGIN OF LYNCH LAW.

A Revolutionary Hero Who Applied the Law of Force to Regues.

It is not generally known that the term "lynch law" originated in Campbell county, Va., before the Revolutionary War. At that period the country was thinly settled and was infested with Tories and desperadoes-too many of them, apparently, for the local authorities to adequately pun-ish. Colonel Charles Lynch, a dis-tinguished officer of the revolu-tionary army, undertook to rid his country of the outlaws. He organized a force, arrested the outlaws, and having satisfied himself and comrades of the guilt of the accused, executed them without reference to he constituted authorities. While not alto gether approving of the desperate remedy for a desperate cause, the benefical effect of Colonel Lynch's action was recognized, and

has since been known as "Lynch's Law" or "Lynch law." Lynch's process of meting out speedy justice extended to other parts of the ountry, and is a well recognized form of redress of grievances to-day, particularly for that class of offences that are popularly believed not to be adequately punished by the statutes and courts of the State. Col-onel Lynch's brother gave his name to Lynchburg, and left a son who was subsequently Governor of Louisians.

THE MEANEST MAN IN CREATION.

An Alabama Editor Thinks He Has His Name on His Suscription List.

Lineville (Ala.) Democrat.] A man living in Clay who owes us over two years' subscription, put his paper back in the postoffice last week marked "refused." We have heard of many mean Cardinals, warriors, nobles and statesmen are poor in quality and as costly as if first-on his neck for a collar button, the one who pastured a goat on his grandmother's grave, the one who stole coppers from a dead man's eyes, the one who got rich by giving his five children a nickel each to go to bed without supper and then stealing the nickel after the children were asleep; but for pure downright meanness, the man who will take the paper for years, mark it "refused," and then stick it back into the postoffice it entitled to the first premium.

The latest things in awnings for weddings and receptions is a curtain that is drawn just back of the passage which is to allow the foot travelers who are not going to the It was down this very nave that on July ble, for the before-mentioned curtain comis, 1554, a long train of nobles, headed by

TRAINING A BIG 'UN

FOOD AND EXERCISE TAKEN. Fighter's Feelings After Receiving

pares to Fight a Battle.

WHY PUGILISM HAS LOST ITS REPUTE

Punishment.

Ian authorized shorthand interview, revised and signed by John L. Sullivan.]

For my coming fight with Kilrain, until very lately, I had intended to train at a little place not far from New Orleans. That section of the country is very familiar to me, for it was at the same place I trained for my fight with Ryan, some six years ago. The climate there is good, the ground is dry, the place free from malarial affections and the thermometer seldom ranges above 90 degrees or goes below 32. But I have lately changed my mind, and I shall train nearer home.

I will give as careful a description of m course of training as I can. Here is what I go through every day from the 15th of May until the day of the fight:

I get up about 6 o'clock and start out on a five-mile walk. When I return from that exercise I am rubbed down with a coarse towel and rest for about half an hour; then I am ready for breakfast. That meal consists of chops or beefsteak and a cup of weak tea. I am not allowed to drink coffee, because coffee has a tendency to make a man bilious. Tea, if it is not too strong, and you don't drink too much of it, is good for the nerves. Did you ever notice that nearly all people who have grown to an old age have been very fond of their cup of tea? I think that fact proves that tea is a good thing for the human system.

After breakfast I sit around awhile, read

the newspaper or chat with my trainer, and then for half an hour I exercise with twopound dumb-bells or swing a small pair of Indian clubs. I also skip a rope. That may seem a very womanish exercise and the statement may make some people smile, but the fact is that skipping the rope is an ex-cellent exercise for limbering up the joints, most every joint in your body receives benefit. I believe that such exercise is excellent for young girls, though they have a tendency to overdo it, in which case, of course, it is very harm ut. Another exercise I indulge in at this time is punching the football, which is suspended by a rope from the ceiling. All these exertions occupy the time until the dinner hour. They are continued pretty constantly one after the other, slowly and easily, and not to the degree of fatigue.

A TRAINING DINNER. For dinner I eat roast mutton, roast beef or roast chicken. I eat only the lean of the meat at this or any meal; the fat is cut off and thrown aside. I consider chicken, broiled or roasted, good food; the meat is dry and somewhat strengthening. There is no choice between roast beet and mutton, one is as good as the other. After resting a while after dinner I go out on my long walk and run—for a distance of 20 miles I walk and run, alternately. This is the most severe exercise of the day and has for its object the atrengthening of the legs and the wind. When I come in from the long run I am rubbed down with a coarse towel, after which I jump into a bethtub with salt in the water, or, if I am in a neighborhood where there is sea-bathing, I take the benefit of that; I also let the water run over me in a shower. Then I am rubbed dry with a coarse hand towel, after which my trainer rubs me down with his hands—always rubrubs me down with his hands—always rub-bing in a downward direction, not both ways. The object of this rubbing is to harden the flesh; if you rubbed both ways instead of one it would have a ten-dency to make the flesh sore, because under this high training the flesh becomes very sensitive until, under proper treatment, it begins to harden. By this time it is 6 colock. After dressing myself in ordinary After dre reading or chatting, and then I have a good appetite for supper. That is not such a heavy meal as breakfast or dinner. I generally eat a little cold chicken, some dry bread (I always eat the bread dry) and drink a bowl of weak tea. As a rule I eat no dessert, though I am sometimes allowed a little rice pudding. I don't smoke or drink any kind of liquor, though for dinner I sometimes take a bottle of Bass' ale. That drink, taken in a very moderate quantity at the noon meal, I consider beneficial; it is, to a certain extent, strengthening. I go to bed at 9 o'clock and, it is almost needless to

say, I enjoy a good night's rest.

Now the reason I don't eat fat is because fat makes it. The object of training is to fat makes it. The object of training is to get rid of your surplus fat, to develop your muscles and to harden your flesh, and to get what fighters call your "wind" all right. An ordinary man cannot run up a flight of stairs, or three or four blocks, without being "winded." It makes no difference how strong a man may be, if his "wind" gives out easily he is powerless. A man can reduce his waight by sweating but the proceedings his waight by sweating but the process. duce his weight by sweating, but the proper way is to reduce your weight by exercise and harden your flesh by rubbing. Of course it is necessary to take sweats; they help a man; but you cannot rely upon them

THREE GOOD MEALS.

Again, as to eating, I do not eat a large quantity of food, but I eat three good meals during the day. And I eat food that is adapted to make strength. I don't indulge in what the cooks call "palate ticklers." I suppose many business men eat more than I do, but I don't think their appetite can be a healthy one. Then, again, they eat a light breakfast, a moderate lunch and consume a large meal at the close of day. People sometimes express surprise that

prize-nighters recover so quickly from the punishment they receive in a fight. After the fight is over the fighter is given a hot bath, that takes the soreness out of him and keeps the blood in circulation. If he has bruises the blood hasn't time to congent. For very bad swellings the tincture of iodine is used. If your eyes are all bunged up you simply apply hot water, just as hot as you can bear, and that will soon reduce them to their natural state. I suppose the great secret of the fighter's quick recovery is the fact that he is in such a high state of health; nature does most of the work. They say if you cut an Indian with a hatchetmean a strong, healthy Indian that hasn't been soaked in bad whisky—the wound will heal of it itself in a few days. Give a white

man the same kind of blow and it will kill A fighter don't feel so bad while battling; he is in a state of activity and the excite-ment helps to keep him up. After the fight he feels stiff and sore. Between the rounds his mouth is sponged out to prevent saliva from gathering and sticking in his throat; he is freshened up by ice water applied to his head just behind the ears with a sponge; this is a very sensitive part of the head and there the application is especially benefi-cial. Stimulants are sometimes given, but it depends on the condition of the man. If he is weak they will give him a swallow of brandy and Vichy water; brandy is used because it is quicker in its action than

whisky. THE SEVEN SCIENTIFIC BLOWS. I am sometimes asked to give a scientific description of the fistic art. I don't know that any man can do that any more than that any man can do that any more than one man can tell another how to succeed in life. There are a good many things to be taken into consideration, and you have to consider them and decide upon them quickly at the time, and one man's judgment may lead him to act one way and another man's judgment may lead him to act in an entirely different manner. In boxing it may be said, however, that there are only saven scientific blows and seven parries. even scientific blows and seven parries. These blows are, first, on the right side of the face with the left hand; second, on the left side of the face with the right hand; third, on the left pit of the stomach with the left hand; fourth, on the left side of

your opponents' ribs with the right hand; fifth, on the right side or his ribs with your eft hand; sixth, directly at the center of he face, covering, if the fist is sufficiently large, the chin, throat, nose and both eyes. This is considered what the boys call a "daisy" blow when well given. Seventh, the upper cut with the right. This blow strikes under the chin, and if the other man carries his tongue between his teeth it is bad for the tongue. There is another blow called the "chopper"—raising the right, hand up and bringing it down with crushing force on the bridge of your antagonist's "smeller." It would take too long to give a description of the parries. John L. Sullivan Tells How He Pre-

description of the parries, Speaking of pugilism generally, I would Speaking of pugilism generally, I would say that men are, you may say, forced into prize-fighting. The outside public are not satisfied with exhibitions with the gloves, which become too tame, and they force a good man to fight with bare fists. Many good man to fight with bare fists. Many people seem to think a boxer cannot be at the top of the heap unless he fights with bare knuckles, although a man can do just as fine work with the gloves, as I think I have shown heretofore. I think there are very few fighters who would not just as soon fight with the gloves as without them, but, as I say, the sporting public and the general public interested in athletic matters force men into matches. force men into matches. PUGILISTS IN PRIVATE LIFE.

In private life prizs-fighters, as a rule, are quiet, well-behaved men. Quarrelsome people often try to force them into disturbances, but it will be noticed that they selom use their strength in private rows; on the contrary, they continually try to avoid disturbances. If prize-fighters were brutal by nature they would continually be en-gaged in such disturbances. Of course, they may occasionally show their weaknesses and display a convivial spirit, but I suppose merchants and brokers do the same thing every day in the week, only, the people not being well known, such things are not considered of sufficient importance

to get into the papers.

Pugilism has had a late and eloquent defender in the Hon. Channeey M. Depew.

In his speech at the reception to the American ball players, he said:

"I have read with some interest lately the writings of a philosopher who sometimes approaches the truth, that this year can mark the march of civilization of a race or mark the march of civilization of a race or a decadence by the interest which any na-tionality takes in pugitism. Then it is said that the civilization of the East is a despot-ism because they have no pugilism. Ire-land can never be crushed, no matter what her adversity, for among her sons there are not only men of eloquence and genius but great pugilists. And England, too, with her literature and progress, has also some good pugilists. But when we come to the home of renius and culture in American home of genius and culture in American Boston we find the great pugilist."

Boston we find the great puglist."

He added that the nations of the world which are most interested in manly sports are the English speaking race, and they are the nearest people to freedom in their institutions. There is considerable interest in puglism in England. The Prince of Wales, Lord Clifford, the Marquis of Onesphere and the majority of the young Queensberry and the majority of the young lords who travel around with the Prince like to see a good stand-up fight. But I do not think pugilism is any more popular over there than it is here; I don't think they have as many fights there. The majority of the fights they have take place in London; they are glove contests and are limited to 12 rounds. I liked the Prince of Wales. There were no "airs" about him and he seemed to be a man of the people. On the race track where I met him he looked and acted like an ordinary, brisk business man. THE "SATURDAY REVIEW'S" IDEA.

A certain English paper not long ago made such a fair statement on the general subject of pugilism that I thought it worthy of keeping, and I would like the item put in print. It is from the London Saturday Review, which, I believe, is a paper that stands high in the newspaper world. The

writer says:

"There has been a great deal of nonsense talked about prise fighting ever since the time it was practically otracised in England. Nothing can, for instance, be more abourd than to suppose that the physical pain or torture suffered by pugilists in the ring is materially greater than that endured by writer says: men who engage in other severe bodily com-petitions. When one man is pitted against her in any pr and endurance, combined with skill, the evil which he fears and which eventually makes him or his opponent succumb, is purely and simply the feeling of utter ex-haustion by which he is precluded from continuing the struggle. No one, of course, likes to be smitten on the nose or in the mouth. The sensation is unpleasant even to the most hardened pugilist; for the that familiarity breeds contempt is hardly more true of the prize fighter and his wounds than it is of the storied cels and their sufferings while undergoing the pro-cess of flaying. But, to suppose that the pugllist strikes his flag, or, more properly speaking, throws up his sponge, because he thinks that his nose is becoming sore, or be-cause he feels pain in his ribs, is to mistake altogether the whole character of a contest of strength between two highly trained pugilists. The punishment received in the ring differs in kind, but not in essence from the punishment suffered by a running man, when, after doing all he knows, he feels his strength ebbing away and falls out of the race because nature refuses him the force necessary to retain the lead. The best judges of the inhumanity of a fight, as far as the principles are concerned, must surely be the principals themselves, and not one of these will say that they see any more in-humanity in it than in a long-distance race."

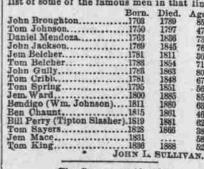
BUINED BY OPPOSITION.

People sometimes say, the same paper argues, that the prize ring is a resort for roughs and blacklegs. Suppose you should try to crush any other athletic sport—make feecing or baseball playing an indictable offense—you would find that such contests would be frequented by an inferrior class of would be frequented by an inferior class of

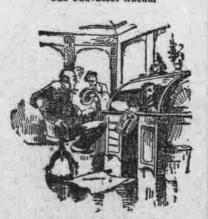
people.

I deny, however, that prize fights are only witnessed by roughs and bad characters; there are a very large number of solid, substantial men—bankers, brokers, merchants and editors of prominent newspapers—who like to be on hand when there is a good coming off.

How long a prize fighter may retain his strength depends very much on his constitution. A man may remain a good one until he is 35 or 40 years of age. Prize fighters live to a pretty fair age, as is proved by the list of some of the famous men in that line



The Canvasser Ahead.



Mr. Overplus (the bank President, opening his roll top in the morning)-What's

Ipstein—De desg vas net locged, so I got me in yoost after you lefd last night, mein frient, unt I valted. I hef der life ohf Vashington in two volumes, ver' sheap. - Puck.

Conservatories of To-Day Arranged for Decorative Purposes and

ARE NOT SIMPLY FOR FLOWERS.

A Talk. With a Plorist Who Rents Flowers to Rich Men.

PASHIONS IN PLOWERS NEW AND OLD

(WEITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) In that very entertaining play, "Captain Swift," at the Madison Square Theater, applause inevitably greets the rise of the curtain on the third act as it follows the touching scene between Mrs. Booth and Mr. Barrymore at the curtain's fall. This popular favor is deserved. The stage setting is a conservatory, and is not only an instance of fine stage effect, but it exemplifies for our purposes the conservatory in its latest aspect, which is as a decorative feature of an interior, and not a place to cultivate flowers even

as an elegant accomplishment. The conservatory in "Captain Swift" is composed of indented srches, arranged in a semi-circle making amall alcoves. In the center is one still more recessed, where stands a diminutive goddess, before whom a veiled light burns as before a shrine. There are no flowers, but the scene painter has admirably simulated in each of the small alcoves palms, India rubber plants and other tropical foliage. The tiled center is left free. Here are wicker chairs, lounge and free. Here are wicker chairs, founge and table. It is a place for quiet companion-ships, cigars, coffee and comfort, and in the purposes of the play serves exactly the same mission as in private life.

Another example in kind has been too

Another example in kind has been too prominently exploited in the newspapers to have escaped notice. It is the conservatory in a recent novel, "Hermin Suydam." The description will bear retelling. "The green trees of the floor were painted with a rank growth of grasses and ferns. Through the palms and tropical shrubs that crowded the conservatory glared the wild beasts of far off jungles marvelously stuffed and poised. The walls were forgotten behind a tapestry of reeds and birds of the Orient. In one corner was a fountain simulating a pool, and on its surface floated the pink, fragrant lilies that lie on Eastern lakes."

SCENIC EFFECTS. The prominence which has been given to this conservatory was due to its supposed exaggeration, and was intended to indicate the writer's unbridled imagination; but the illustration was badly chosen. As a whole it is exaggerated, but the details barring the stuffed beasts and painted floor, can be found in one or another of the different con-

servatories in town. The conservatory as a detail in a city house is always an attempt to render a cer-tain decorative effect, not, to be sure, in every case so fierce and tropical as that described, but having some relation to the rest of the house. It belongs to the en-semble, and is ordered with reference to the

The most artistic purpose of the conservatory is the perfection and culmination of a vista. To counterfeit, to simulate space in a city house is the desire of every architect and every owner. To do this has taxed their resources and their ingenuity. Nothing so well serves this purpose as the conservatory, for the eye loses in the foliage massed at the back, which may extend, the mind lending to the illusion, to unknown depths. To this some such scenic effect as the drop curtain of the Madison Square Theater may even be

In Mr. Vanderbilt's home the conserva-In Mr. Vanderbilt's home the conservatory is immediately back of the main gallery and is entered at the side from the second gallery. The main gallery connects
through the open passage that serves for
water colors, with the square central hall.
This in turn connects with the drawing
room. Here, from drawing room to the
conservatory, is a vista of 200 feet, proportions in a New York house which are truly
magnificent, and which are enriched by
suppired draperles, columns of marble, carysupurb draperies, columns of marble, cary tory is semi-circular. The floor is mosiac, and the walls paneled in cream enameled tiles. There are no shelves for there is no floral cultivation.

TROPICAL FLORA. Gigantic palms, ferns, all manner of broad leaved, curious, bizarre, grotesque plants with impossible names standround in pots and jars that are grouped to perfect the view from the vantage point of the distant drawing room. These pots and jars are in themselves works of art; majolica, Spanish lustra, Japanese bronzes, old terra cotta, museum spolls, all are none too good for the beautiful scene. Here and there hang orchids, and before the sheet of plate glass that makes the sliding door into the art gallery, hangs an orchid like a tassel. This delicately guards the unbroken sheet, which gives so little evidence of being a barrier that otherwise it would be in constant dan-

The conservatory in Mr. Marquand's house terminates another superb vista of at least 175 feet through dining room, Japanese room and the Louis XVI. drawing room, and connecting on the Madison avenue side with the Moorish room. Mr. Marquand's conservatory has an eastern exposure filling the angle at the southwest corner of the house, where Mr. Vanderbilt's has only the western sun. The curious and inexplicable stained glass has puzzled many a passer by. From within it resolves itself into a Watteau scene—rustic arbors, distant sky, figures disporting in French fashions. This glass is from Oudinot of Paris, and is intended to carry out in landscape the effect of the conservatory within. According to the same idea but in a different way, and with different results than did the tapestried background of reeds completing Hermia Suydam's jungle. Mr. Marquand's conservatory has a very pretty feature copied from the Alhambra. This is a gutter cut in the marble floor and along the sides of the conservatory, with here and there openings through which jets of water play. These are not only a charming detail, but keeps the atmosphere of the conservatory THE MARBLE CONSERVATORY.

Where the vista is impossible, the next desirable position of the conservatory is attached to, and a part of, the dining room. Sometimes both of these ends are accom-plished as in Mr. A. J. White's house on upper Fifth avenue. This house is the splendid monument of an enterprise that, it is said, began in a wash bowl and is so curious, interesting and typical that it tempts digression. Mr. White is the proprietor of the Shaker liniment which has proven as potent as Aladdin's lamp in creating splendor and dazzling wealth.

The drawing room is Japanese and opens into a Rennaissance music room, which is the expansion of the hall and receives the magnificent stairway. This leads into the dining room, beautiful with carved wainscotting and marbles and opening into the conservatory. This succession affords one of the most superb coup d' oeil in town. The conservatory in itself is beautiful with carvings and marbles. The floor is of marble. In the center is a large marble foun-tain. The sides below the glass are wainscotted with tawny-hued Numidian marble, brass bound. On the side walls is a trieze richly modeled by Theodore Baer, the mo-tives being birds and flowers and other sig-nificant attributes of a sylvan scene. Such is the background, and against it massed and grouped with proper effect are the broad leaved tropical foliage plants that for the most part compose the conservatories in

In Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt's house the conservatory juts out to Fifty-seventh street and opens into the dining room which I have before described. This, as the other conservatories, is a mass of tropical greener which can be discerned from the Moorish amoking room through the lovely Italian corridors that intervenes. Mr. Jay Gould's town conservatory is attached to his dining room but has no prominence aside from treatful effect of a mass of green. One the prettiest conservatory effects in town

restful effect of a mass of green. One of the prettiest conservatory effects in town is in the house of a Mrs. Fogg on upper Fifth avenue. The conservatory opens out of the dining room which is a leather hung, brass studded room bearing the impress of Mr. Louis Tiffiany's ingenious decorative talent. The conservatory is screened behind by glass doors that shut it off if desired, but the doors are so fashioned as to blend with and admit the beauty of the green beyond. The greater part is of clear glass, but mingled with it is stained glass which takes the semblance of vines and flowers. These are admirably drawn, glorious in color and assist in the prettiest illusion possible.

These are inefficient to show the scope

possible.

These are inefficient to show the scope and disposition of the city conservatory. It is not intended for the cultivation of plants or flowers. It is prompted by neither love of flowers nor knowledge of plants. It is an appendage of wealth, a feature of decoration, and has nothing in it more personal than carpets and curtains.

LITTLE WOMEN

who grow early primroses and cultivate rose slips under a disused sash, and is supremely content if she can attach a few yards of glass to the side of her house, may have fancied she would like to exchange cuttings with the mistress of some fine city conservatory, but the two speak different tongues. They both have the pleasure of possession, but they arrive at it in an en-tirely different way.

It could not be otherwise. There is not

sun enough in town for the cultivation of flowers. The most that can be hoped for is a place to display them. Tropical foliage is preferred not only because it is decorative, but because it comes from the stifling, shadowy jungles, and can be appropriately housed in a steam-heated, shaded city conservatory. Moreover, city people do no care to take trouble in doing what can b better done for them, as there are enoug other distractions to encupy their lives. Money can do most things for them. In the spring their bits of yard are one day dun and brown. The next day they are set with emerald turf and enameled with primroses, daffodils and tulips.

For conservatories such as those describes

there are no gardeners. They are stocked and tended by some city florist. One of the most prominent orchid growers and florists who does a great deal of this sort of thing

says:
"A rich man concludes he wants a conservatory. He comes to me and tells me the sort of effect he wants to produce. I go to see his place, we compare ideas, talk it over, and the rest is left to me, I agreeing to take charge of it for so much a month. The plants I own; my client probably doesn't know their names. So often a week my men visit it, water, wash and look after the health and look after the health and welfare of the plants. The only thing my client is responsible for is frost. He has the heating of the conservatory, I can't control that. If he allows the plants to be killed by too low a temperature he has to pay for them, for I own them, and so to speak, rent them to him, the rent being included in the gross sum paid to me monthly. There are fashions in plants, as in everything. At present the basis of every conservatory is troubed. basis of every conservatory is tropical foliage. These we get mainly in palms, and ferns of which there are endless varieties. These are not transplanted but stand in tubs that may be hidden if desired in costly jars. Those we do not furnish. In their season we furnish plants in bloom, and when the period of bloom is over we take them away and substitute others. A short time ago azaleas were in great demand. Again it is rhododendrons. At present orange trees in bloom are the object of everybody's desire."

THE ORCHID CRAZE,

"Surely the craze of all crazes is chids?"
"You remember when everybody had rustic baskets swinging from the ceiling.
Well, that craze has passed, and now we
have orchids. Orchids are more curious.
A bit of wood suspended from a thread
alive with strange shapes of wondrous

"They are difficult to start and require the closest care. This is done in our country forcing houses. But when once they are started they can be transferred to a city conthe ferns and palms."
"Then there are no private orchid fanciers

"There have been but two to my knowledge. Mr. Jay Gould has a fine collection, but those are in his glasshouses at Tarrytown. The only orchid grower in town is Mr. Arnold, of the great drygoods firm. He has a collection to be compared with that of Mr. Gould and of Mr. Chadwick, of Albany,

whose orchids are probably the finest in the country. The other orchid grower to which the florist referred was the late opulent Mary Jane Morgan. Mrs. Morgan's orchid house was a plain but extensive glass affair over her stables. Her ambition was to have the

most comprehensive collection in the country, and her \$2,500 orchid out of the Duke of Devonshire's sale of duplicates is a matter of orchid history.

The school mistress element always remained in lively force in Mrs. Morgan's nature. As she took up one fancy or an-other she acquainted herself thoroughy with it, and a library of specialties was the result. this case her enthusiasm is embalmed in an orchid morganiensis, named for her by

Nothing about city conservatories would be complete without an allusion to the winter gardens of some of the hospitals. The New York Hospital has a spacious giass house on its roof with a center of palms and tropical foliage and about it a wide promenade where convalencents are wheeled in rolling chairs and may lie and luxuriate in the health-giving sun. MARY GAY HUMPHREYS.

ENAMEL AS AN INSULATION. The Great Obstacle to the Use of Underground Wires Overcome.

correspondent of the London Electrician writes as follows: "I have recently made an invention which I consider of the greatest value to the electrical trade, and I shall be glad to publicly give them the benefit of my invention. I find that such articles as the cores of electro-magnets, bob-bins, and, I believe, even wire, can be coated with enamel or similar vitreous sub stance, and that this acts as a splendid in sulator and protection for the wire to be wound thereon. It can also be used for the inside coating of iron tubes for the earrying of underground wires.'



Would de gemman in front oblige by removin' de hat?'



'Would de same

## OUR SUMMER GIRLS.

Rose Terry Cooke Talks to Them of Watering-Place Temptations.

THE KIND OF COMPANY TO AVOID.

How Flirting Girls Chespen Themselves in the Eyes of Men.

DON'T BE OVERBEARING TO OTHER GIRLS

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. 1 'Summer is y-comen in," says the old English ditty, and soon the girls of our land will be crowding in swarms to seaside and mountain, to springs of healing-though they do not need those waters-and to nocks in the forest where great barns have been built beside some lonely take, and christened summer hotels. Joy go with you, pretty creatures! May all your new garments come out of those voluminous trunks un-wrinkled and fresh; may each one of you have quite the prettiest attire at the place you choose to abide in; the corner front room at every hotel; the best beaux and the gayest season.

After all these good wishes will you, my dears, listen to a few words of caution and advice? And that my words may seem less general I will address myself to each of you, my pretty readers, singly, as if you and I were talking to each other.

This is, perhaps, your first season at watering places; you are just out of school, and as giddy as most girls, but I will do you the justice to say that you are one of the very few girls who will listen to their

In the first place, my dear, I would counsel you to be very careful about your con-duct toward the young men you will meet. I will take it for granted that you are pretty, and, perhaps, a little gay and thoughtless as well. If I have pictured you thoughtiess as well. If I have pictured you correctly, remember that to be thoughtiess counteracts being pretty. You know the proverb? "As a jewel of gold in a swine's snout, so is a fair woman without discretion," and no modern proverb vender or mender ever said a truer thing. Do be discreet; do not think that young men are the only delightful people in the world, or act as if you thought so. Keep them at a proper distance; no man likes or respects a girl who runs after him, defers to his opinions, lets him say rude things to her, and takes little liberties of speech or action.

A SILLY FLIRT.

Long ago I knew a young girl who had such a good opinion of her fellow-men that such a good opinion of her fellow-men that whenever one came into the house she put on all the graces she could muster, sidled up to them, cast down her eyes, or gave little appealing, soft glances, smiled at every meaningless word, and became gen-erally a fool in her aspect and conversation. She giggled and primmed up her mouth with an expression of such terrife week with an expression of such terrific aweet-ness I always wanted to laugh aloud when

In the street she would go round corners, into shops, by hotels, walking abroad seek-ing whom she could flirt with in a manner ing whom she could first with in a manner so absurd that all the youths wha were at first attracted by her became disgusted and left her to herself. The girl did not mean any harm; she liked young men's society, as most girls do, but men are made to pursue, not to be hunted down. This poor girl cheapened herself from the beginning, and was never respected. Don't forget, my dear, that now is your time to establish your character for life as a well-bred, charming, modest girl; do not, I beg of you, lose the

opportunity.

Again, don't go out driving, or walking, Again, don't go out driving, or walking, or sailing alone with any young man. Perhaps you will tell me that girls all do it. Not well-bred girls, my dear; if you have no real chaperon take another girl with you. Half the scandais and tragedles of women begin in their carelessness about this very thing. And over all, do be most particular about the young men with whom you associate. Avoid "fast" men as you would herently low; no matter how rich, how hand-some, how highly placed in what is called society, such men are no associates for a pure, young girl. You do not know any-thing about their real lives and characters, and they know you do not; they take ad-vantage of your natural and lovely inno-cence, and admire it; though they know themselves they are not fit to touch the hem

of your dress even. AVOID THE BLASE DUDE.

Do your part toward making society what it should be by your marked avoidance of young men who drink, gamble, or have a bad reputation in any way. If every girl would do this we should have a very different state of things in the world. No girl who accepts a high standard of character by which to select her triends or her associates will do such a revolting thing as to elope will do such a revolting thing as to clope with her father'e coachman or her neighbor's groom, and thereby loss all that makes a woman's life desirable. You have doubtless been too well brought up to be in danger of any such fatal step; but you may be just as thoroughly shipwrecked by marrying an elegant, wealthy, good-looking youth from any "first family," if he is not a man of high principle and nure life, as by allying

high principle and pure life, as by allying yourself with a servant having no such ad-I must say another thing about your

Don't be too fine; simplicity and exquisite fresh neatness are more attractive in a girl's costume than any extravagance of fashion costliness of material; but even the plainest dress may be made flaunting by its immodest style.

Again, be kind and sweet and forbearing

to other girls; do not deprive them of their chances in life, however great your own social success may be. Do not monopolize

a young man just to exhibit your power, as some girls do; it is unkind. And be just as careful what young woman you are friendly with, as I would have you to be friendly with, as I would have you to be about young men. A girl is always judged by her friends; keep civilly aloof from the "last," the slangy, the giggling girls you will too surely meet. Choose your company more carefully than your dress, for your friends are the true index of your moral and mental status.

FULFILLING DESTINY. Nothing can ever retrieve the mistakes you make now in these respects; you are now "making history," the history of your life.

God never made among all the exquisite God never made among all the exquisite things of creation a more lovely, eachanting, exquisite, admirable creature than a fresh, pure, charming young girl, full of unselfish thought for others, gentle, gracious and spotless. Not the milk-white and stately June lilies are so radiant in their stainless candor as such a girl; no tropic blossom vies with her health-colored face beaming with the light of the sweet soul within her; she is the flower and crown of humanity. Ah, my dear, fulfill this destiny waiting for you, and you will become to your household you, and you will become to your household and the world one of the "angels that are to be," one of the "American girls" help to redeem their country and their peo-ple from the stigma that—I say it with pain and regret—our own countrymen have cast upon those whom they should have been the first to defend!

first to defend:

Enjoy your flight, Q pretty swallows, migrating toward mountain and shore; but fly
true to your wings, upward and onward.

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

MORE TALENT NEEDED.

A Caustic Criticism of American Organs and Organists.

The Art Journal says this country is a world of noble organs and inefficient organists. Americans can build organs that are masterpieces, that hold within their forests of pipes the very soul of divinest harmony, But America cannot produce even a fairly good organist for every superb organ built, nor yet one such for every hundred firstclass pipe organs bearing the name of an American builder. Meanwhile the natural love for church organ music grows and expands. This is the result of foreign travel, bringing before the Ameri-can the noblest instrument of the Old World, touched by men fitted to call forth the great soul hidden behind the pipes, manuals and registers. Of the building of complete and costly and rich-voice organs in this country, there is no end, while of the evolving of organists capable of doing full justice to these instruments, there is scarcely a beginning. The utter incongruity of placing a \$300 organist in charge of a \$6,000 or \$10,000 organ is painfully manifested to the worshiper in the sanctuary graced by such an instrument. A Stradivorius or a priceless Cremona in the horny hands of a flatboatman would scarcely be less out of place than is a richly-endowed pipe organ before a youth whose living is earned by a clerkship, and who ekes out his salary as an organist. It is not his fault that the possibilities of the instrument are as much beyond him as are the depths of the ocean unfathomable by his yard-stick. The fault lies with the church mem-

bers, who pay royally for an organ and in niggardly fashion for an organist. The finer the instrument the more deplorable in the discrepancy. And thus the new organ is regarded as a failure, and the cause of ec-clesiastical music suffers. Yet the fault is that of the congregation in general, and not of the inefficient organist.

RAILROAD TRAINING SCHOOLS.

Educating Young Men in All the Details of Modern Transportation. The Pennsylvania Railroad has at its shops in Altoona a unique school for training candidates for positions in the transportation department. Graduates of university selentific courses are eligible for instruction in the school, such as those who have studied in the Towne Scientific Department 4 of the University of Pennsylvania, in the Troy Polytechnic School, the Ren Institute and other schools of that d

tion. ular instructors at Altoona. As many students as can be accommodated—perhaps a dozen or so-are taken into the training school. Some are put to work firing locotives, some in the machine or car shops some in the draughting room, and others again at maintenance-of-way work. These college-bred learners are expected to work in any department to which they are assigned, side by side with the regular em-

signed, side by side with the regular employes, and are salaried like the regulars. There is a system of graded pay by which those who show application and ability can steadily increase their income.

It is from the ranks of those who have gone through this school that the railroad company recruits the upper grades of its officials. Whenever positions are vacant the department heads have these tried students to select from, and the consequence is that an efficient service is maintained. So successful has the working of this scheme successful has the working of this scheme been that in a number of cases prominent Eastern railroads in need of sub-officials have sought to get hold of men graduated

The Editor and the Woodchack. The editor of the Luther, Mich., Enterprise continues to receive all sorts of valuable things on subscription. In his last issue he says: "Last Thursday A. B. Hulisaple brought us a hawks-bill terrapin, the first of the kind we had ever seen. The next day Engineer Anderson and Conductor Pratt, of the freight, presented us with a fine specimen of the genus woodchuck.
Later—He is now at large under the Treadgold building, and when we go out to look
at him he puts his thumb to his nose and

smiles. His cage was no good."

## BILE POISONED BLOOD.

Nearly every one is occasionally troubled with pilious attacks, more especially in the spring months, after the system has been surfeited with hearty food during the winter. The ing Shoulders or any other averages of hillers. ness, Faintness, Alternate Costiveness and ing Shoulders or any other symptom of biliousaction of the Liver is interfered with, causing an overflow of bile into the blood. The blood ness or Liver Complaint, procure a bottle of B. B. B., which will correct the clogged condicarries this bile into every part of the system, causing yellow skin, yellow eyes, liver spots, etc., and often serious cases of billous fever originate from this bile poisoned blood. A few doses of Burdock Blood Bitters, taken on appearance of billous symptoms, will remove them and protect the system from a probable serious attack. tion of the Liver, cleanse the blood of all impurities and tone up the entire system. It is BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS THAT ONE

Run Down in the Spring.
I am using Burdock Blood Bitters for Sick Headache and Bilgunness. It is the best medicine ever took. I was so ron down this

ever rook. I was so to down that my husband urged me to see a doctor. I was scarcely able to stand and concluded to try B. B. Bitters first; the first bottle is not yet finished, but I can go about my work with pleasure already. I shall take another bottle.

care of EDWARD DOOLEY, Lyman Street, Springfield,

other bottle.
MRS. JOHN DONNELLY,

I tell you for the benefit of oth ers what Burdock Blood Bitter has done for me. I have been a sufferer for years from Liver Com

sufferer for years from Liver Conplaint and weak stomach. At
times I was so bad that I would
aprily to our family physician for
relief, which would be but temporary. Last faill had an unusually bad
spell. My mother bought a bottle
of Burdock Blood Bitters, and it
gave me great relief. It helped
me more than anything I have
ever taken. It is also excellent
for constipation. Mrs. Lizzer
Ghunn Lekesborg, Perry Co., Pa.

BOTTLE CONTAINS MORE CURATIVE PROPERTIES THAN GALLONS OF ANY OTHER MEDICINE KNOWN.

A Herrible Condition,
I was in a horrible condition from
dyspepsia and a combination of other
complaints. In the morning when I
got out of bed it seemed as if I could

not stand up on account of dizziness. Hearing Burdock Blood Hitters highly recommended, I am now using the first bottle, and, although not having naed quite a full bottle, the dizziness has cotirely disappeared and I am much better of my other complaints. I have tried many other medicines, with no reliaf. MRS. MARY CHAUNCEY, 505 E. Ransom st., Kalamazoo, Mich

an acknowledged fact by all who have used

BOTTLE Will Relieve Bile Poisoned Blood.

I had been troubled with Liver complaint, indigestion and Palpita-ion of the Heart for five or six years Liver
and could get nothing to do me any good until I tried B. B. I used B bottles and now I am a sound man. I feel better than I ever did in my life.

My digestion became ali right and I have no more trouble with my heart. I feel ike recommending it everywhere. Yours respectfully. Frank HICEMAN, New Stratsville, Perry Co., Ohio.

This spring.

I have been taking Burdock Blood Bitters and using it in my family this spring. For three years I have had the dyspepsia. I got a bottle or two of your Bitters and they have gured me, and I never felt better in my life. It is a sure cure for dyspepsia, and best medicine I know of. H. Schullerh, Covert, Mich.

ever taken. It is also excellent for constipation. Mrs. Lizzin Ghubb, lekesburg. Perry Co., Pa. LAST SPRING. Last spring my health became very poor. I had no appetite and my liver troubled me. I used several medicines, but obtained me relief antil I was finally persuaded to try Bordock. Blood Bitters. This medicine cured me.